

A LITTLE HERCULES.

Away back in the sixties I was financially interested in two or three Texas enterprises with a man named George Sloane. That was his right name, but in many localities in Texas he was only known as Nerry George. I have seen a great many statements concerning his adventures in print, but all more or less exaggerated. Some of the adventures which came about while we were in company I will now give to the press for the first time.

Sloane was an Ohio boy, and I made his acquaintance and chummed with him in Andersonville prison. We went West together after the war, and at that time he was only 27 years old. He was 5 feet 7 inches high, weighed 160 pounds, and was the strongest man I ever saw outside of a professional wrestler or cannon-ball tosser. His flesh was so hard that he could crack a walnut on his leg. On two or three occasions I knew him to break the bones in a man's hand by a single grip. He took no training of any sort, but the strength and ruggedness were born to him. As it was not in making him a young Hercules, nature gave him the most wonderful nerve and courage. He once told me that he would give \$100 to realize for five minutes what fear was. I saw him in some of the hottest places a man could get into, and I never saw him falter or hesitate or make a mistake in doing just the right thing.

One afternoon, after we had finished up some business in Dallas and were ready to go, we entered a saloon. It was full of gamblers, cowboys and rough characters generally, and every man wore a revolver in plain sight. We were sipping our drink when a burly, big ruffian, who was a fighter from way back, intentionally fell against Sloane with considerable force, and then stood off and leered at him and said:

"I'm waitin' for ye to ax my pardn' for that, banty."

Sloane never carried a weapon of any sort while in town. He looked the fellow over in a cool and quiet way, and finally asked:

"Did you intend to insult me, sir?"

"Insult ye?" echoed the other. "Who talks of insults? Why ye little game-cock from somebody's barnyard, I'll give ye two minutes to get down on your knees to me."

"If you do not beg my pardon before I finish this glass," replied George, "I will make a wreck of you."

By this time everybody in the saloon had crowded around us, and it was easy to see we had no friends there. There was something in Sloane's eye and tone which cautioned the big fellow, and if left to himself he would have retired from the scrape. But he was egged on and braced up by the crowd who ached to see a row, and he stepped back a little, drew his revolver, and growled:

"Now, banty, get down on your marrow bones, or you'll take a dose of lead."

Sloane leaned on the bar with his elbow and sipped his wine slowly, paying no further attention to any one. He was, perhaps, a minute and a half finishing his glass, and during the last half minute he was covered by the man's revolver.

When he set the glass down he wiped off his mouth, returned the handkerchief, and then turned and advanced upon the ruffian. The man fired point blank at his head, cut a foot of hair, and the bullet killed the bartender. Before he could fire again George seized him, one hand on his throat and the other on his knee, lifted him high in the air, and held him thus for ten seconds. Then he gave the body a fling upon some whiskey barrels ten feet away. It was an astonishing feat of strength, and the silence of death fell upon the room. When it was broken it was by a man who had tipped over to the barrels to look at the ruffian, and who hoarsely whispered:

"Great heavens! Tom is as dead as a fish!"

So he was. The iron fingers had choked the life out of him as he was held aloft, and when he struck the barrel almost every bone in his body was broken. George stood there for two long minutes, looking from one to the other, and then asked:

"Does anybody else want me to go down on my knees?"

Never a man replied. Never a hand was lifted and we went slowly out and mounted our horses and rode away unmolested.

A month or so later we were at Waco, and one night attended the performance at a concert hall. A rougher crowd couldn't have been brought together. In the first five minutes of stay, I saw three tumblers of beer shot out of the hands of waiters, and a hat was knocked from the head of one of the stage performers by a bullet. I scented a row and wanted to go, but George asked me to wait a bit. Directly in front of us sat an outlaw from the Indian Territory. He was in an ugly frame of mind and anxious for blood letting, and pretty soon he turned on with:

"Which of you vermin spit on my hat?"

"No shooting! No shooting!" called a hundred voices, and the stage performance was suspended to see the row out. We were checked up to the side of the hall, with a wide aisle in front. Retreat was cut off, while we could be approached by three men abreast.

We put our backs to the wall, and I called out that we were unarmed and wanted fair play. Twenty people shouted back that we should

have it, but in place of two men approaching us a whole half dozen jumped into the aisle.

"Leave them all to me," whispered George, and he obliged me to do so by stepping in front.

The crowd came at us with a rush, sleeves rolled up and fists clenched. George stepped out to meet them. Biff! Biff! went his iron knuckles, and every man was knocked down inside of forty seconds, and that before one of them could get in a blow. Then George pined each one up in turn, gave him a shake which elicited a howl of pain, and flung him among the spectators. Not one of them came back after more, and no one else in the audience dared to meddle with us. It was over in five minutes, and after the stage manager had tendered us a vote of thanks, the performance went on. Three of the five men received broken limbs in the toes, and one was made a cripple for life by having his spine injured.

One of the nerviest things in Sloane's whole career happened at Navasota, on the Brazos River. We were sitting on the veranda of the hotel, when a fighter entered the village on horseback, and armed with a Winchester and two revolvers. He took a drink or two, and then started in to capture the town. There was only one street, and he rode up and down this at full gallop, firing right and left at uttering terrific yells. In five minutes he had the town. People disappeared from sight with amazing celerity, and everybody was thoroughly cowed. The fellow fired two shots among the sitters on the veranda, and we stampeded. I own up I had no desire for a closer acquaintance with the ruffian, and I was among the first to seek cover. When we were all inside I peeped cautiously from a window and saw Sloane still outside. He was on his feet, leaning against a column of the veranda and smoking a cigar as coolly as you please. I shouted for him to come in, but he shook his head. Appeals were made by others, but he turned a deaf ear.

The cowboy had by this time reached the lower end of the street and turned to come back. He came at full gallop, but checked his horse in front of the hotel and fired three shots at Sloane from a distance of fifty feet. The first clipped past his ear, the other two cut without drawing blood. We were looking full at the shooter from the windows, and as he fired his third shot without bringing his man a look of wonder came to his face, and he bent forward for a closer look, and shouted:

"Who are you, man or devil?"

George sauntered along to the steps, slowly descended, and approached the man, and as he came near enough he grabbed for him. Next instant the cow-boy was pulled off his horse and being literally mopped all over the road. He tried to use a weapon, but was disarmed with scarcely an effort, and when George got through with him he lay as one dead. Rifle, revolver, and knife were broken and dung in a heap beside him, and George sat down on the steps to finish his smoke. He had kept his cigar alight through the fracas. I personally interviewed the doctor who was called to see the cow-boy, and he gave a list of the injuries, as follows: Left arm broken, thumb on right hand broken, three scalp wounds, right shoulder probably dislocated, three teeth knocked out, five bad bruises on various parts, one eye closed.

The fight did not last three minutes, and yet the little giant laid the fellow up for three good months and taught him a lesson he never forgot. I saw and talked with him a year later, and he told me he never was so scared in his life, and that he was not yet entirely well from the drubbing.—New York Sun.

A GOOD JOKE.

Boys are often fond of playing practical jokes. Such may sometimes be done, but never to any one's inconvenience. In one of our colleges, a professor, who made himself very friendly with the students, was walking out with an intelligent scholar, when they saw an old man hoeing in the cornfield. He was advancing slowly with his work toward the road, by the side of which lay his shoes. As it was near sunset, the student proposed to play the old man a joke. "I will hide his shoes; we will conceal ourselves behind the bushes, and see what he will do."

"No," said the professor, "it would not be right; you have money enough; just put a dollar in the man's shoes; then we will hide behind the bushes, and see what he will do."

The student agreed to the proposal, and they concealed themselves accordingly. When the laborer had finished his row of corn, he came out of the field to go home. He put on one shoe, felt something hard, took it off and found the dollar. He looked around him but saw no one, and looked up gratefully toward Heaven. He then put on the other shoe, and found another dollar. He looked at it, and looked all around him, but saw no one. He then knelt upon the ground and returned thanks to God for the blessings that had been conferred upon him. The listeners learned from the prayer that the old man's wife and one of his children were sick, and that they were very poor; so that the \$2 were a great relief to them from Heaven.

"Better," said the professor, "how much better this is than to have hidden the old man's shoes."—Christian Advocate.

"The greatest thing for a man to know," said Alexander the Great, "is that with which he is least acquainted—himself in person."

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

REPAIRING FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Mechanical ingenuity does not come to every farmer. There are those who are possessed of excellent intelligence and yet who have not enough of mechanical skill to make a respectable milking stool. Such farmers are from necessity compelled to employ a mechanic for every little job that demands attention. On the other hand, there are those who are possessed of great ingenuity and are skillful in the use of tools. This is a faculty that is not wholly acquired, and yet it can and should be cultivated so far as possible. Every farmer should have a workshop in which little jobs of work can be done on rainy days. This should not only be supplied with a good selection of tools usually required, but also with materials such as are likely to be brought into use. The room need not of necessity be large, but of sufficient size for convenience. It should be systematically arranged so that all tools should have their appropriate places. These should comprise saws, chisels, augers, bitstocks, bits, hammer, axe, shop hatchet, planes, wrench, files, and many others which it is unnecessary to mention. In the line of stock there should be a supply of variety of nails and screws, bolts of various kinds and sizes, tacks, wire and leather, and various kinds of lumber and pieces of wood as would be called into use. With these at hand the farmer can many times save not only a journey to a mechanic, but a bill which, with each addition in the course of the year, would be considerable. Frequently the loss of a nut or the breaking of a bolt necessitates a journey to the blacksmith shop if no supply is at hand; but if the farmer has a supply, he has only to replace the missing or broken part and his work progresses undisturbed. It is time money then the farmer is benefited in avoiding unnecessary journeys for repairs. At all events, he can if he will spend the time so saved in rest or reading for the improvement of his mind, a thing which is for the advantage of every tiller of the soil. During the winter the farmer should examine his implements and see that all repairs are attended to.

DOCTORING HORSES.

In winter, colds are quite common among horses throughout the Eastern and Middle States. If difficulty of breathing is noticed, with running at the nose, set, first of all, that there are no draughts of cold air striking him; put on an extra blanket; give a warm bran mash, and ten drops of tincture of aconite, once in two hours. If the cold take the form of a cough, there is nothing better than a tablespoonful of ground lobelia and ginger, mixed in equal parts, put in the bran mash, and it will be taken without trouble. Where the horse becomes suddenly lame, the first step is to ascertain whether or not it is the fault of the shoeing or as it very often is. In such a case, pull off the shoe, give the foot a rest of a day, and then put it on right. If it be due to a sprain, bathe in hot water, and rub dry. The various liniments are not efficacious as a rule, and generally result in taking off the hair. It is better to call a well-known veterinary physician, than to risk the loss of a valuable animal. The horse may die, of course, in spite of all that is done, but it will be a satisfaction in case of his death to feel that all has been done that was possible.—American Agriculturist.

BLEANINGS.

In boiling a pudding leave room for it to swell. If cooked in a mould do not fill it up.

A glossy starch is made by mixing together a quart of starch, a teaspoonful of salt, and one of white soap scraped fine; boil adding hot water until as thick as you wish.

In toothache, if the pain extends upward toward the eye, or takes the form of neuralgia, get some horseradish leaves, take out the stems, wet them and apply to the face over the pain. This will usually give relief.

Saturate the edges of carpets with a strong solution of alum water to destroy moths; if an unpainted floor, wash the floor with it before putting down the carpet. Do the same to shelves where black ants appear.

Oilcloth may be improved in appearance by rubbing it with a mixture of a halfpound of beeswax in a saucerful of turpentine.—Set this in a warm place until they can be thoroughly mixed. Apply with a flannel cloth, and then rub with a dry flannel.

To clean men's clothing take a pint of cold water and add to it a quart of cold coffee and a teaspoonful of ammonia. Use a sponge and rub the spots thoroughly. Sponge the garment all over, then hang on the back of a chair and let dry in the shade. For light clothes omit the coffee, using any kind of good soap.

A novel method of removing grease from cloth, woolen or silk goods, and especially applicable to the goods of delicate texture where the color is easily injured, is the use of potato water. Grate the potatoes to a pulp and add water to the amount of a pint to a pound. Let it stand, and when clear pour off all but the potato sediment at the bottom. This is your cleaning mixture, to be applied with a clean linen rag, and followed by the use of a small amount of spirits of wine.

I tried it on a very delicate shade of blue silk, removing every trace of grease without injuring the color in the least.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Pub., 743 and 745 Broadway, New York.

What is This Disease that is Coming Upon Us?

Like a thief at night it steals in upon us unawares. The patients have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint, all gone sensation at the pit of the stomach which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and clammy. After a while a cough sets in, at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greenish-colored expectoration. The patient feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become constipated; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow; the urine is scanty and high colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart; the vision becomes impaired, with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms.

It has been found that physicians have mistaken the cause of this disease. Some have treated it for a liver complaint, others for kidney disease, etc., but none of these kinds of treatment have been attended with success; for it is really constipation and dyspepsia. It is also found that Shaker Extract of Roots, or Shaker's Scurvy Cure, when properly prepared will remove this disease in all its stages. Care must be taken, however, to secure the genuine article.

IT WILL SELL BETTER THAN COTTON.

Mr. John C. Hemphill, of Chula Vista, Cleburn Co., Ala., writes: "My wife has been so much benefited by Shaker Extract of Roots or Shaker's Scurvy Cure that she says she would rather be without part of her food than without the medicine. It has done her more good than the doctors and all other medicines put together. I would ride twenty miles to get it into the hands of any sufferer if he can get it in no other way. I believe it will soon sell in this State better than cotton."

TESTIMONY FROM TEXAS.

Mrs. S. E. Barton, of Varner, Ripley Co., Mo., writes that she had been long afflicted with dyspepsia and disease of the urinary organs and was cured by Shaker Extract of Roots. Rev. J. J. McGuire, merchant, of the same place, who sold Mrs. Barton the medicine, says he has sold it for four years and never knew it to fail.

I was so low with dyspepsia that there was not a physician to be found who could do anything with me. I had fluttering of the heart and swimming of the head. One day I read your pamphlet called "Life Among the Shakers," which described my disease better than I could myself. I tried the Shaker Extract of Roots and kept on with it until to-day I rejoice in good health. Mrs. M. E. Tinsley, Bevier, Mullenburg Co., Ky.

For sale by all Druggists, or address the proprietor, A. J. White, Limited, 54 Warren St., New York.

THOMAS BANKS, TONSORIAL ARTIST.

I have fitted up my shop in the latest style, where gentlemen can get a shampoo or their hair cut or curled at all times. I have a new building on

Oyster Saloon!

where ladies and gentlemen can taste some of the very finest of these delicious delicacies.

THOMAS BANKS, Jan. 23, '87-171 Opposite Wells' Hotel

Scribner's Magazine

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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Scribner's Magazine will be in the latest sense a magazine of general literature, and each number will be fully illustrated.

Some of the most notable papers to appear during the first year are a series of Unpublished Letters of Thackeray of very great autobiographical value; extracts from the diary of General Sherman of the Siege and Commune of Paris; glimpses at the Diaries of Governor Morris, Minister to France at the close of the last century (giving descriptions of social life and characters at the time); a collection of contemporary letters describing Early New York and New England Society.

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April 22-26.

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THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY

accomplishes for everybody exactly what is desired. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mustang Liniment is found in its universal applicability. Everybody needs such a remedy. The Liniment needs to be in every household. The Mustang Liniment is for general family use. The Mustang Liniment is for general family use. The Mustang Liniment is for general family use.

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A WOMAN'S DISPATCH.

"I want to send a message in a great hurry."

The Western Union operator

braced himself for a "rush" message.

"It's to Chicago."

"Well, we have an open wire to Chicago."

"Can you send it right away?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, you see, Emma's baby's sick and Charlie is away on a trip."

"Well, what shall I say, madam?"

"You see, I can't think just where he is. Do you know?"

The operator had to admit that he did not.

"Well, suppose you send it to Chicago."

"Well, suppose you do. Where is he?"

"Have you got a Chicago directory here?"

"Yes, madam," handing it to her.

"I am afraid I have forgotten the address."

"What business is he in?"

"I don't know; he makes a good living, though. Don't you think a telegram addressed to Chicago would reach him?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Well, then, I'll go home and find out his address. Can you tell me the nearest car that will take me home?"

"No, madam, I cannot."

"Well, it seems queer to me that you telegraph operators don't know anything."—St. Paul Globe.

A lawyer friend tells me he advertised for an office boy a few days ago, and as usual got a big bundle of answers. He got fairly well tired reading the various creditable things the young aspirants for the place had to say of themselves, but finally he struck a letter that really

reached him. It was written on a very much soiled and crumpled piece of paper that had never been very white, and ran about as follows:

"I'm 12 years old. I ain't got no farther nor mother. I'm an orphan and I've got to hustle. It betes how hard times is."

My legal friend read no more of the letters, but immediately sent for the writer of this one and gave him the job. The urchin has settled down to "hustling" in earnest, and doesn't complain any more about the hard times.—Chicago Mail.

Omaha Bride—Oh, I wish I were dead. I never supposed John would talk to me in that way.

Omaha Dame—It's only a lovers' quarrel, dear. Don't get a divorce. "Divorce! Horrors! I never dreamed of it."

"No, it's no use, dear; no use at all. Every lady in Chicago will tell you that it is just as hard to get along with one man as another. They are all alike."—Omaha World.

Omaha Girl—What! Art at father's?

Omaha Girl—Yes indeed. Hand-painted collars are all the style in Boston now. Some of the latest designs are gloriously beautiful.

"Beautiful!"

"Distraughting. It is all we can do to keep from committing suicide."—Omaha World.

THE DUTY OF PARENTS IN SICKLY SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

We commend the following testimony as to the efficacy of S. S. S. in measles and fever, from one of the best known physicians practicing in Georgia. It will be seen that he strongly testifies to the happy results accruing from the use of this medicine in preventing the frequently very serious consequences that follow an attack of measles. The results of an attack of measles remain in the system for months, and unless great care is exercised the lingering poison in the blood will attack some vital part of the system, endangering life. We take great pleasure in giving the widest possible circulation to this most efficient, physical, candid and manly letter written in the cause of suffering humanity.

ELLAVILLE, GA., March 31, '87.

My Dear Sirs—I have used your S. S. S. medicine with exceptional benefit on patients convalescing from measles. A feature of that disease is that it leaves the mucous membrane chronically inflamed—that is, the inflammation continues from four to six months. I have given it to several patients just getting out of bed from the measles, and always with the happiest results.

I also used S. S. S. in convalescent fever cases with the best results. It will, in my judgment, prevent summer dysentery, if one will take a few bottles in the spring, thus preparing the bowels for the strains of summer.

I am prompted to send you this letter, because just now I am aware that measles prevail in Southwest Georgia. Will I hesitate to appoint you a voucher for professional remedies, S. S. S. has become such a standard medicine with many regular physicians, that I am relieved of the embarrassment ordinarily attached to a regular physician's endorsement of proprietary medicine. Be this,